



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

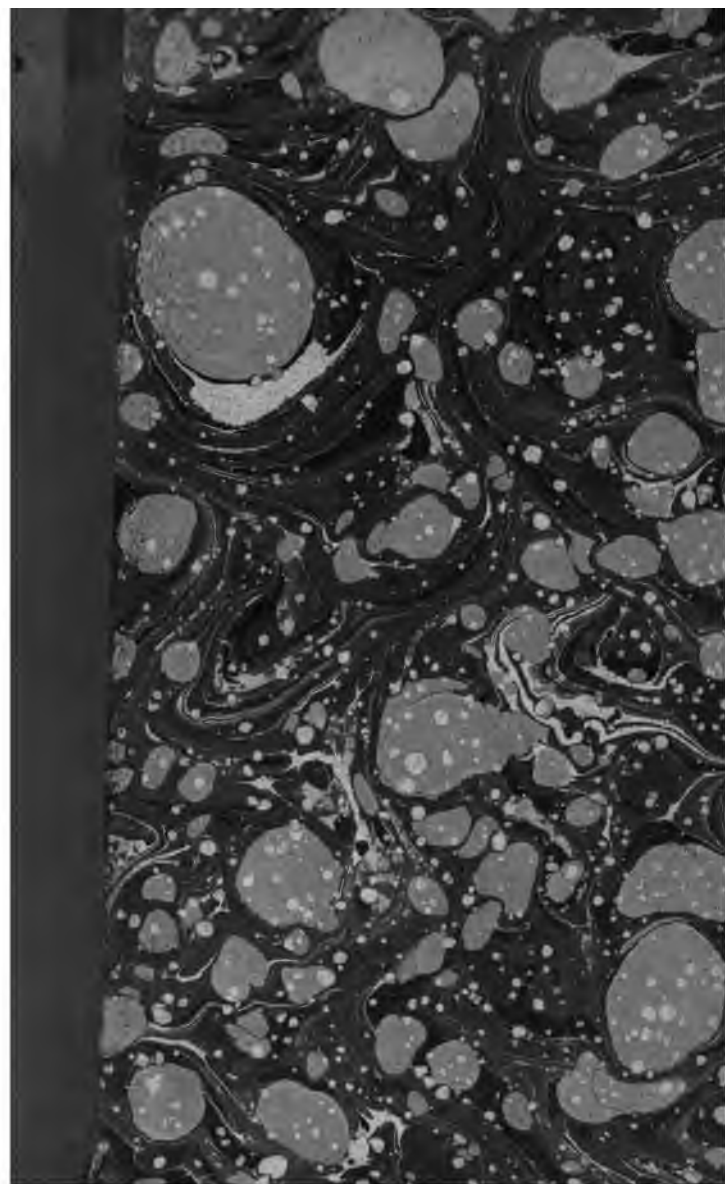
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>







47.813.



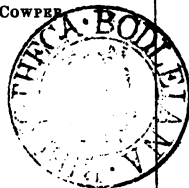
CRUELTY AND HUMANITY.

WITH TWO PICTURES.

EDITED BY THE COMPILER OF "GLEANINGS FROM PIOUS
AUTHORS."

"Ye therefore who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too."_____

COWPER



LONDON:
JAMES NISBET, BERNERS STREET;
CHARLES GILPIN, BISHOPSGATE STREET.

IPSWICH: BURTON.

1847.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

BURTON, IPSWICH STEAM PRESS.



THE DYING MONKEY.

EXPLANATION OF THE ENGRAVING.

"A propos of the East——

A relation of mine, always better satisfied at succeeding in his *aim*, than in the result of his shot, brought down a monkey from a high tree. The poor creature, mortally wounded, was able to catch at the branches *as it fell*; and having *so* reached the ground, was shocked to see it as large as a child of three years. He put away his gun, and hastened to it. The monkey placing its hand on the wound, looked into his face with an expression that seemed to imply, "*What have I ever done to you that you should kill me?*" He took it in his arms, and tried to stop the bleeding, while the creature growing weaker, yielded itself to the comfort that he gave:—

"And the big round tears
Chased one another down his innocent nose,
In piteous course.

Still there was the expression of reproach, heightened by the misery of poor ——, who, in the distraction of his mind, felt at that moment as if he would have given even his life for the recovery of his victim. He then took it gently to a pool, to put a period to the protracted sufferings of nearly an hour, and exerted his resolution by immersing it in the water. Holding it during the brief struggle, he turned from the sight; but when all was still, and he ventured to look, there were the monkey's eyes wide open under the water, with the same sad reproachful expression, and fixed upon his. From that day he never used his gun; and being a man of acute sensibility, he often said, "*that hour's experience had embittered his life.*"

From a work entitled, "Life at the Water Cure, or a Month at Malvern:" A Diary by Richard J. Lane. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longman, London.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The desired object of this little tract is to stimulate to an increased consideration of the claims of the brute creation upon the individual care of man; to which end a variety of extracts are made from able advocates in the cause of humanity. Two of the anecdotes given are illustrated by pictures. The subject of *Cruelty in general* is also included by quotations from different *writers*. May *their* pleadings reach the hearts of those who have it in their power to lessen the sum of human woe.

“Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.”

Matthew v. 7.

“If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, behold we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth *not* he know it? and shall not he render to every man according to his works?”—Prov. xxiv. 11, 12.

CRUELTY AND HUMANITY.

The humane man will be found careful not to overload his beast; he will ease it up-hill and let it recover its breath, instead of inflicting severe strokes with his whip—he will see that the collar and the gearing fit well—he will not allow loaded panniers or heavy burdens to remain long on the back.

As to poor Dogs, and Cats, they too will fare well with him. Unless bitten by a rabid animal, they will probably escape all danger of the dreadful malady, Hydrophobia, for they will be well supplied with *water* as well as food.*

The Butcher too, who has a tender heart, will resort to the easiest method of taking life, so far as he is acquainted with it; and he who conveys calves to market will try to do it in the least objectionable way, neither tying their legs too tight, nor packing them so close in carts with their heads hanging over the sides, as to cause some of them to die on the

* However frequent the censure on what are called dog carts, it may be feared that nothing short of a legislative enactment will fully put down these dangerous and public nuisances, or check the wonted career of their *often* cruel keepers.

road; neither will he strike the legs of poor sheep and lambs, these also the emblems of innocence.

The stowing of Poultry into hampers and baskets, and laying them upon the ground, perhaps most of the day, in hot weather, until they appear almost sweltered to death, as though they were so many lumps of inanimate matter, supplies a grievous charge of cruelty, which the feeling heart will recognise as such. So also will the plan of tethering poor animals demand attention, that it be effected in the easiest possible way. We must reprehend the plan of tying the feet together, and turning upon the road to be half starved, those poor horses, and donkies, which have been working hardly, and may perhaps have neither had bite or sip on coming home. If too at night these have a shelter, where is it? in some close, shut up place where they can hardly stand, or in a cold shed, the direct reverse of comfort.

Many of the foregoing hints have been supplied by the writer of an excellent tract, entitled, "Cruelty exposed, and Humanity pleaded;" it is number 20 of the collection issued by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and well worthy of extended circulation. The following are the concluding lines, which are inserted with confidence and pleasure, the committee having obligingly granted leave to a private individual for the reprint of the whole; if such were desired.

"Have you a horse or an ass? See that he is sufficiently fed, and not worked beyond his strength.

Suffer no one to abuse him, and never do so yourself. You are not to work him till he is ready to die of fatigue; or to give him so little food as that he has scarcely strength left to do what is required of him; or to suffer him to be unmercifully beaten or maimed, or injured, in any respect through wantonness and passion. We may suppose how displeasing it must be to the Almighty, to see the dumb animals he has created for man's comfort, ill-treated and beaten unnecessarily, by his working a miracle to reprove his own prophet for chastising his ass. (Numb. xxii. 30.) How great then must be his anger, when he sees what is going forward in our streets all the day long: when he sees that noble animal, the horse, continually harrassed with the whip and spur; loaded beyond his strength; no allowance made for lameness, weakness, old age, or blindness; unmercifully hurried beneath his heavy burden; covered sometimes with sores and raw places, the effects of bitter scourging.

I must not omit the extreme cruelty so constantly practised, especially with post horses,* in forcing them to draw while their backs are quite raw. I have witnessed sad scenes, before the poor animals could be induced to move in such a case. Oh! think of the pain the collar must give, by pressing on a place where the skin is off, and this for a long stage, and with a heavy load to draw. And what is herein said, extends to every animal that belongs to us—to

* We may well add to the above, "omnibuses," "*chaises*," and "*pony carts*;" the two latter often in country places, met upon the road, *shamefully* crowded with passengers, who, so as *they* get on, seem regardless of the poor overloaded beast.

Beasts, Birds, and Fishes—to every insect that flies—and to every reptile that crawls on the earth; for has not God made them all? The holy Scriptures abound with proofs of his care over all the creatures he has made. Be not deceived, God hears and attends to the voice of every dumb animal that his own hands have created; and our blessed Saviour himself informs us, that “not a sparrow falleth to the ground without God’s permission.” Consider this, ye who catch poor little birds of different kinds! *consider and remember*, your heavenly Father and your Judge will not forget their pitiful cry! Pray, then, think of all this, whoever reads this paper, and let it be well considered by those who desire to do their duty, “that the righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.”

THE BENEFIT OF GENTLE ENTREATY.—It is often urged, that undisciplined children, with strong wills, are more easy to lead than drive: thus it will be found to be in the brute creation, especially in the case of the ass, whose characteristic is that of obstinacy. A lesson may be learned from the following anecdote. A gentleman walking down a lane in a town in Norfolk, related that he found himself in company with the following personages—an ass, with a lubberly youth of seventeen or eighteen years old upon his back, beating the animal most unmercifully with a stick on the head and neck—an old man, with a hedge-stake, striking at the hocks

and hind quarters, and a boy of eleven or twelve, also with a stick, *cutting* here and there, as opportunity offered.

The animal was certainly as untoward as an animal could well be, kicking, turning round, and throwing his feet upon the raised footpath, at the same time resolutely refusing to stir one step in advance. "Isn't this a nice brute we have got here, sir?" said the old man to my informant; "we have been trying this three-quarters of an hour to get him on, and we can't." The gentleman told them he would try what he could do, and having disarmed the three of their sticks, and laid them on the path, commenced a milder course of treatment, by patting the animal on the neck, rubbing his nose, and speaking kindly to him. He evidently understood this tone of kindness, for hardly two minutes had elapsed before, on the word of command and a farewell pat on the neck, he cantered off, as gaily as possible, with the lout on his back, and in the proper direction.

LINDLEY MURRAY.—In the very early part of his life, he seems to have had "a curious propensity to discover and observe the natural dispositions of animals." "This curiosity," said he, in a recital of his youthful inclinations, "was in some instances so strong as to make me overlook the uneasiness which, by teasing them, was occasioned to the animals themselves. I was not naturally of a cruel disposition, but was rather pleased to see the animal creation about

me enjoy themselves. The propensity I have mentioned was, however, sometimes unwarrantably indulged : so much so, as to mark a depraved turn of mind, which, even now, gives me pain to recollect.—I ought to have reflected, that all animals have assigned to them, by the author of nature, a pleasurable existence ; and that it is our duty to second his intention, as we have opportunity ; and especially to avoid all occasions of inflicting upon them unnecessary pain. An additional incitement to this duty, is, that, whilst we encourage a disposition to promote the pleasures, or increase the pains, of the animals which surround us, we are cherishing the general spirit of benevolence, or its contrary ; which will naturally be extended towards the creatures endued with animal life. The unwarrantable curiosity which I have just mentioned continued to operate, in some degree, for many years ; and occasionally showed itself long after I was grown up. I recollect a particular instance of it, which was very near proving fatal to me ; and which, though a little out of the course of my narrative, may not improperly be related in this place. As nearly as I can recollect, the incident was as follows. When I was in England in the year 1771, I went to see the Elephants which were kept at the Queen's stables, Buckingham-house. Whilst I was gratifying myself with observing the huge creatures, and their various actions and peculiarities, I took occasion to withdraw from one of them a part of the hay, which he was collecting on the floor with his proboscis. I did this with my cane ; and watched the animal very nar-

rowly, to prevent a stroke from him, which I had reason to expect. The keeper said that I had greatly displeased the elephant, and that he would never forget the injury. I thought but little of this admonition at the time. But about six weeks afterwards, when I accompanied some other persons, on a visit to the elephants, I found that, though probably several hundred people had been there since my preceding visit, the animal soon recognised me. I did not attempt to molest or tease him at all; and I had no conception of any concealed resentment. On a sudden, however, when I was supposed to be within the reach of his proboscis, he threw it towards me with such violence, that if it had struck me, I should probably have been killed, or have received some material injury. Happily for me, I perceived his intention, and being very active, I sprang out of his reach. To every other person present, he was gentle and good-tempered; and his enmity to me arose, as the keeper declared, solely from the circumstance of the little affront which I had formerly put upon him. This incident made some impression upon me; and perhaps contributed to subdue a curiosity, which could not be gratified but at the expense of the feelings of others."

WILLIAM COWPER.—What child could read the well known verse of the "Dog and the Water Lily," without some admiration of the deed which the poet declared "the world should know of?" In a letter to Lady Hesketh he wrote, "I must tell you

of a feat of my dog Beau. Walking by the river side, I observed some water-lilies floating at some distance from the bank. They are a large white flower, with an orange-coloured eye, very beautiful. I had a desire to gather one, and, having your long cane in my hand, by the help of it, endeavoured to bring one of them within my reach. But the attempt proved vain, and I walked forward. Beau had all the while observed me very attentively. Returning soon after toward the same place, I observed him plunge into the river, while I was about forty yards distant from him; and when I had nearly reached the spot, he swam to land with a lily in his mouth, which he came and laid at my feet."

THE DOG AND THE WATER LILY.

NO FABLE.

The moon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide,
When, 'scaped from literary cares,
I wandered on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
And high in pedigree,
(Two nymphs* adorn'd with every grace
That spaniel found for me,)

Now wantoned, lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into sight,
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
With scarce a slower flight.

* *The Miss Gunnings, the daughters of Sir Robert Gunning, Bart.*

It was the time when Ouse displayed
His lilies newly blown ;
Their beauties I intent surveyed,
And one I wished my own.

With cane extended, far I sought
To steer it close to land ;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand.

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains
With fixt considerate face,
And, puzzling set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But, with a chirrup clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and followed long
The windings of the stream.

My ramble ended, I returned,
Beau, trotting far before,
The floating wreath again discerned,
And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropped,
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropped
The treasure at my feet.

Charm'd with the sight, "the world," I cried,
"Shall hear of this thy deed ;
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed.

But chief myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine
To him who gives me all."

The excellent lines of the above author upon his favorite Hare, are also well worthy of a place here.

"Well—one at least is safe. One shelter'd hare
Has never heard the sanguinary yell
Of cruel man, exulting in her woes.
Innocent partner of my peaceful home,
Whom ten long years' experience of my care
Has made at last familiar ; she has lost
Much of her vigilant instinctive dread,
Not needful here, beneath a roof like mine.
Yes—thou mayest eat thy bread, and lick the hand
That feeds thee ; thou mayest frolic on the floor
At evening, and at night retire secure
To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarm'd ;
For I have gain'd thy confidence, have pledg'd
All that is human in me, to protect
Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love.
If I survive thee I will dig thy grave,
And when I place thee in it, sighing say,
I knew at least one hare that had a friend."

BLOMFIELD, the celebrated "*Farmer's Boy*," well describes the ploughman in the care of his team, as well as the miseries of the poor POST HORSE.

"He starts, and ever thoughtful of his team,
Along the glittering snow a feeble gleam
Shoots from his lantern, as he yawning goes
To add fresh comforts to their night's repose ;
Diffusing fragrance as their food he moves,
And pats the jolly sides of those he loves.
Thus full replenish'd, perfect ease possesset,
From night till morn alternate food and rest,
No rightful cheer withheld, no sleep debarr'd,
Their each day's labour brings its sure reward.
Yet when from plough or lumb'ring cart set free,
They taste awhile the sweets of liberty :
E'en sober Dobbin lifts his clumsy heels
And kicks, disdainful of the dirty wheels ;
But soon, his frolic ended, yields again
To trudge the road, and wear the clinking chain.

Short-sighted DOBBIN ! . . . thou canst only see
The trivial hardships that encompass thee :
Thy chains were freedom, and thy toils repose,
Could the poor *post-horse* tell thee all his woes ;
Shew thee his bleeding shoulders, and unfold
The dreadful anguish he endures for gold :
Hir'd at each call of business, lust, or rage,
That prompt the traveller on from stage to stage.
Still on *his* strength depends their boasted speed ;
For them his limbs grow weak, his bare ribs bleed ;
And though he groaning quickens at command,
Their extra shilling in the rider's hand

Becomes his bitter scourge. . . 'tis *he* must feel
The double efforts of the lash and steel ;
Till when, up-hill, the destin'd inn he gains,
And trembling under complicated pains,
Prone from his nostrils, darting on the ground,
His breath emitted floats in clouds around :
Drops chase each other down his chests and sides,
And spatter'd mud his native colour hides :
Through his swoln veins the boiling torrent flows,
And every nerve a separate torture knows.
His harness loos'd, he welcomes eager-eyed
The pail's full draught that quivers by his side ;
And joys to see the well-known stable door,
As the starv'd mariner the friendly shore.

Ah, well for him if here his sufferings ceas'd,
And ample hours of rest his pains appeas'd !
But rous'd again, and sternly bade to rise,
And shake refreshing slumber from his eyes,
Ere his exhausted spirits can return,
Or through his frame reviving ardour burn,
Come forth he must, though limping, maim'd, and
sore ;

He hears the whip ; the chaise is at the door :
The collar tightens, and again he feels
His half-heal'd wounds inflam'd ; again the wheels
With tiresome sameness in his ears resound,
O'er blinding dust, or miles of flinty ground.
Thus nightly robb'd, and injur'd day by day,
His piece-meal murd'ers wear his life away."

Distinguish'd much by reason, and still more
By our capacity of grace divine,
From creatures that exist but for our sake,
Which having serv'd us, perish, we are held
Accountable, and God, some future day,
Will reckon with us roundly for th' abuse
Of what he deems no mean or trivial trust ;
Superior as we are, they yet depend
Not more on human help, than we on theirs.

Cowper.

A great guard should be exercised by young naturalists against a habit of indifference to the sufferings of the inferior animals. Wm. Kirby, the venerable and distinguished Entomologist, lately replied in the following words to a question as to his mode of destroying Insects. "I never willingly inflicted pain on any insect—I never stuck a pin into a live insect in all my life ; my plan was to bring them home in a tin case, and to immerse them in scalding water, and dry them in the sun, and they kept well. Some insects I killed by nipping the head, they were dead in a moment."

— Many a crime, deem'd innocent on earth,
Is register'd in heav'n, and these, no doubt,
Have each their record, with a curse annex.
Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,
But God will never.

B

Cowper.

WILLIAM ALLEN.—“There appears to me such a meanness and lowness of disposition, in those who are cruel to animals, that I think I could not put confidence in them, even in the common concerns of life.”—*Life of Wm. Allen*, page 11.

BURDETT ON THE RIGHTS OF ANIMALS.—“We must, however, again revert to the point of evidence there is in the Bible; and daily observation and experience confirms this truth, that there is a reciprocity, so ordered, constituted, established, and interwoven, as it were, between man and the creatures committed to his care, and which the Almighty Maker of the Universe most positively intended should subsist throughout all generations, as sufficiently proves that man was to have such dominion and power only over them, as is consistent with every just and equitable principle, religious, moral, and physical; and conformably therewith, he is bound not to abuse and subvert the power delegated to him, and for which an awful responsibility is most assuredly attached.”



DONKIES, AFTER MARKET, AT OSTEND, RUNNING TO THEIR OWNERS.

EXPLANATION OF THE ENGRAVING.

The opposite Drawing is intended to furnish an idea of the particular leniency and kindness of the Market Women at Ostend, who come from the country with vegetables and other articles for sale; their donkeys are put promiscuously into a barn, or large stable, and when the door is opened, at the close of the market, they all scamper away, and never stop till they reach each its proper owner in the market-place. This custom was related to one of the writers for the Society already named, by a principal Horse Dealer at Canterbury, who has been for many years witness to it in his visits to Belgium; and it completely proves that the ass has as lively a sense of gratitude for kind usage as other animals.

JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY.—“Can anything be more calculated to deprive the soul of all its better powers and loftier hopes, and finally to sink it in the pit of perdition, than habits of sensuality and cruelty? These are sometimes displayed, distinctly from each other, in different characters, but they are often united in the same person. Evidences of this truth are afforded by the history of a Tiberius, a Nero, and a Heliogabalus; and on a still larger scale, in modern times, by the blood-stained records of the slave-trade and slavery. The slave-driver long accustomed to the use of men and cattle, to the arbitrary infliction of terrible punishment, to the public exposure and torture of females, and to the unbridled indulgence of his own lusts, is surely one of the most degraded of his species.

“For a time, probably, his heart was affected by the sorrows of the oppressed, and he blushed at the notion of unrestrained licentiousness; but the passive impressions of pity and shame subsided by degrees; the active principles of cruelty and lust took possession of his nature; the wreck of decency became his pleasure, the cries of the wounded, music in his ears! Such a man is surely an object of the deepest compassion; he is the captive of Satan, the slave of bad habit; nothing can rescue him from destruction, but the hand of Omnipotent mercy!

“A slave owner in one of the Bahamas was once convicted, together with his wife, of fatally punishing a female slave for some trifling offence, and of rubbing red pepper into the eyes of their dying victim, in order to aggravate her torments. They

were tried and found guilty of the offence, and sentenced to a short imprisonment! But who were the objects of sorrow and compassion in the island, on this horrible occasion? not the murdered slave—but the imprisoned murderers. On them alone was condolence lavished by their equals in society, and when the time of their confinement had elapsed, they were politely greeted, and publicly entertained. Now every one knows that such scenes would have been impossible in England. Humanity *could not* have been thus outraged, public sympathy *could not* have been thus distorted, except under the influence of a wicked system, confirmed and established by *habit*. The whole circumstance affords a teaching lesson respecting the influence of a faculty, which, when perverted, is capable of blinding the understanding to every moral truth, and of hardening the heart against every impression of mercy. When it was declared in prophecy to Hazael the Syrian prince, that he would “slay the young men of Israel, dash the children,” and perpetrate still more shocking enormities, he answered Elisha, and said:—“but what! is thy servant a *dog*, that he should do this great thing?”* That he should ever be guilty of such crimes, might then seem to him beyond the range of possibility; but under the influence of ambition, habit wound her chain around him; the man degenerated to the beast, and after a certain lapse of time, the prediction was accomplished. Who has not heard of the Roman Emperor, who began his career of cruelty by tormenting flies, in his infancy,

* 2 Kings viii. 12, 13.

and who, as he advanced in life, became, by slow degrees, one of the greatest monsters the world ever saw ?”*

“I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn’d.
No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart’s
Just estimation priz’d above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
Cowper.”

BURDETT, in his “Hints for checking growing evil,” feelingly touches upon a state of things too little engaging serious thought. “As for minor examples,” says he, “young ladies have frequently been threading the mazes of the Waterloo waltz † with a light step, and lighter heart, without once

* “THOUGHTS ON HABIT AND DISCIPLINE.”—A new edition of which was passing through the press at the time of the author’s decease, and under his personal superintendence, Price 1s. (also a larger edition.)

† After describing the locality of the little village of Waterloo, Bradshaw, in his “Continental Guide,” adds these excellent sentiments: “May no ‘citizen of the world’ set foot on this sadly memorable plain, without solemnly reflecting, that seventy thousand men were slaughtered on the field of Waterloo!” And may no one return from it, without a firm resolve to do something towards the prevention of war, and the promotion of that feeling which recognises the brotherhood of the great family of nations.—EDITOR.

reflecting how dearly bought was that victory—nor of the poor horses, and consumptive servants, “coughing their own knell” for whole hours at the door, in cold, sleet, or pouring rain!—nor of the possibly more delicate female than themselves, sitting up night after night till day-break, waiting with an aching head for their return home, merely to undress them.”

Among other great sufferers in the human family may be enumerated the dress-makers, the tailors, the milliners, the embroiderers, the slop-workers, who are among the thousands, and the tens of thousands, that are wearing out their poor tenements under the oppressive systems in force;* it is, in many cases TO DO THIS, OR STARVE, and thus the enthralling influence of custom under the ban of fashion.

Let these things be thought of!—a threepenny tract of Dr. Grindrod, *is, as also the work referred to in a note*, greatly worth notice; it bears the significant title of “The Slaves of the Needle,” from which may be quoted as specimens, the testimonies of Dr. Clay and of Dr. James Johnson, the latter editor of the “Medico-Chirurgical Journal,” &c.

Manchester, Piccadilly, Dec. 5th, 1843.

DEAR SIR,—You ask me for a few facts respecting females employed as milliners and dress-makers. I

* See pages 258 to 260 and 360 to 364 on “THE MEANS OF PROMOTING AND PRESERVING HEALTH,” by Thomas Hodgkin, M.D., 2nd edition. Simpkin and Marshall.

have for twenty-five years past paid much attention, professionally, to this most useful but very much abused class of suffering humanity. I think them worthy of a better fate than generally awaits them : and if any portion of her majesty's subjects deserves their hours of laborious employment shortened, it is surely these; and more so, as they are comparatively helpless, having neither the means nor opportunity of defending their cause, nor yet of appealing to the public, except through the medium of other classes of sufferers better able to make known their heavy grievances than themselves. I cannot think for a moment that the rich and truly benevolent ladies of this enlightened country would (if they were aware of the sufferings entailed) add one pang to the already too many at present inflicted; but would rather lend their timely aid and charitable assistance to lighten their labours, and to lessen their miseries. If they cannot rescue them from an early doom, they have it in their power, at least, to smooth their passage to the grave, and disarm death of some of its terrors. Could the ladies of this favoured land only see the dreadful effects of procrastinating their orders for the gay trappings of the bride or the sadder garments of mourning, or the general fashions of the day, *to the latest possible moment*—the midnight oil consumed, the constitutions wasted, the distortions effected, the loss of natural sleep, the aching sight of the poor creatures employed—they would assuredly pause, and as surely do something to ameliorate their sad condition.

I have by me notes of about 600 cases of milliners

and dress-makers of a dependent nature, 150 of which had distorted spines to a very great extent, and fifty more of less extent; 140 had emaciated constitutions with severe coughs, many of these confirmed phthisis; 40 more with coughs less severe; 65 suffering from other diseases, more particularly applicable to females of sedentary employments, and likely to terminate fatally.

I noted also about 140 cases of similarly employed females, who had their time at their own disposal, in other words, worked for themselves; their condition was most decidedly better. I found 30 cases of distortion, 26 emaciated with severe coughs, 6 with slight colds, 8 serious diseases of various descriptions, likely to terminate fatally.

I do not wonder at this, from the knowledge of one fact. Some years ago, I knew of seven girls confined from 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning, to 10, 11, and sometimes 12 at night, in a room of $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards square, in which was a fire, and at night two strong gas lights, burning constantly. The seven girls were all unhealthy; four had crooked spines; not one without a cough. Two were originally delicate; but five came out of the country, in the bloom of health, and had not been at the trade two years. But at the time I speak of, not one of these females would have been admitted to a life assurance benefit. These, with many other facts, which I have no doubt you will enlarge upon, will, I am sure, claim some portion of sympathy from the public, in behalf of milliners and dress-makers: and I sincerely hope you will

become one of the means by which this class may be liberated from their present state of bondage.

I am dear Sir, yours respectfully,

CHARLES CLAY, M.D.

To R. B. Grindrod, Esq. LL.D.

DR. JAMES JOHNSON.—“The incalculable numbers of young females, confined to sedentary avocations from morning till night, and too often from night to morning, become not only unhealthy themselves, but afterwards consign debility and disease to their unfortunate offspring. It is thus that infirmities of body and mind are acquired, multiplied, transmitted from parents to progeny, and consequently perpetuated in society. The fashionable world——

—— The gay licentious proud,

Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround”——

know not how many thousand females are annually sacrificed, during each season, in this metropolis, by the sudden demand and forced supply of modish ornaments and ephemeral habiliments. They know not that, while they conscientiously believe they are patronizing trade and rewarding industry, they are actually depriving many thousand young women of sleep, air, and exercise; consigning them to close recesses, and crowded attics, where the stimulus of tea, coffee, and liquors, is rendered necessary to support the corporeal fabric, and where the congregation of juvenile females, under such circumstances, conduces to anything rather than vigour of constitution, or morality of sentiment.”

Dr. Grindrod concludes his moving appeal to the public* in the following words:—

“The above quotations strikingly illustrate one of the causes of the grievous condition of the poor dress makers. And surely, after these statements, no lady will expose herself, even to the bare suspicion of inconsiderateness or want of feeling, by an unnecessary delay of orders. Each act of procrastination but adds one more pang of sorrow to the oppressed and unprotected slave of the needle. The bride, in her gayous adornments, with features redolent of present joy, and future hopes, would scarcely maintain the same unmingled feelings of pleasure and delight, if she was conscious that an aching head, an exhausted frame, and a depressed and broken spirit, had entered into the production of her bridal costume. Nay, we know, by indisputable evidence, that modesty and virtue, those gems in the crown of woman, which form her chief adornment, have, after years of insupportable toil and oppression, been voluntarily sacrificed at the shrine of avarice and fashion, as the only alternative of escape. Nor would it afford any consolation to the sons and daughters of affliction, in performing the last sad office of love, when the mortal remains of some dear relative or friend, whose spirit has fled to

“That undiscover’d country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns,”

are committed to the grave, to know that the apparel of sorrow had been made by some poor creature

* See “THE SLAVES OF THE NEEDLE;” to be had of William Brittain and Charles Gilpin, London; and William Irwin, Manchester.

languishing in an advanced stage of consumption, with a heart fully as sensitive, and feelings equally keen, with those possessed by themselves. These things ARE, and, to use the expressive words of the justly distinguished writer, whose remarks we have printed on our title page, "to be wilfully ignorant of them, or to know that they exist, and to take no decided step towards putting them away from before the eyes of the Lord God of Sabaoth, is a matter between the English lady and Him to whom she must give an account, when all these glittering vanities have passed away, and nothing remains of them but what is recorded in those books out of which the dead shall be judged."

THOMAS CLARKSON.—On an expression of gladness that he had lived to see the fruit of his labours for the suppression of injustice and cruelty, he would say, "It was not I that did it, it was God that put it into my heart;" and once in particular he observed, "I was assured that what I did came from a *real, holy* source—I should say it was a triumph of Christianity over Barbarism."

Now that this just man is gone to his grave, "full of years and of honour," it is for the still remaining and noble band of Philanthropists to persevere in their labour for carrying out other great Christian Principles, and also to avail themselves of the altered and much improved tone of feeling which pervades many of the worthy and influential on the subject of the Criminal Code—from these there is

much promise as the *real good of man* becomes the object of discussion, and the habits of by-gone and barbarous ages give place to the enlightening influence of the gospel.

Two short articles are introduced on this subject, the first of which, though not seeming immediately in its place, may nevertheless from its novelty interest the reader, and furnish a *new train of thought*, not *unfavourable* to a *right* judgment on the great and agitated question of taking life.

How it strikes a stranger.—We feel assured that our readers will peruse with much interest the following letter of Maungwdaus, the Indian Chief, who lately visited our City. It was written to Mr. — of Worcester, and by him forwarded to our esteemed fellow-citizen, Joseph John Gurney, Esq., to whom we are indebted for a copy:—

Norwich, April 13, 1846.

My dear Friend—

These few lines are to inform you that we are in this town for a few days. We are all well, except one of my little boys is very ill. We are anxious to return home, but we must remain in England until we have got means to carry us home.

We visited Thomas Clarkson the other day; he was in pain, yet he was glad to see us. He said much to us about the Great Spirit, the death of his Son to save all mankind.

I got two canes out of his garden, his likeness,

the drawing of his large wigwam, and some of his hair. These I will take care of with more care than I would for gold and silver.

The last word he said, whilst holding my hand in his, "I hope the British Government will always do that is right and just to you in North America, and God bless you all. Farewell, brother!"

Last Saturday, at twelve o'clock, a man, by the name of Samuel Yarham, got murdered on the high hill, near the big stone wigwam. He was then taken to the scaffold by two men, when a rope was put round his neck, and made fast on the end of it on the beam over his head; and as soon as the man of God had got through praying to God for him, that his spirit might go to heaven after he was killed, he was made to fall from the scaffold, by another murderer who was standing by, and it is said that another of them run down and pulled him down by the legs, while he was struggling for life; and about five minutes after he was made to fall from the scaffold, he was killed, while thousands and thousands of his Christian brothers and sisters were looking at him—killed by his Christian brothers. It is said he had murdered a woman in Great Yarmouth some months ago, and for this reason he got murdered himself too; but those that murdered him, we have been told that they are paid for killing him, and are left to live to kill some more by and by. I will not try, for I know it is impossible for me to describe to you what I felt while I was looking at the poor Christian, killed by his Christian brothers. I have been reading the big book you gave us last summer, and in one place it

says, "Thou shalt not kill." Now I do not know what to think. You kill one another in this country same as we do in our country.

Perhaps you will write to me and throw light on this dark subject, and much oblige your most sincere friend,

MAUNGWDAUS.

(*Norfolk News, April 24th, 1846.*)

"The following lines were written by a lady now deceased, while the late William Howell was under sentence of death, and awaiting his execution in the jail of Ipswich. They were not intended for the public eye, but we are glad in having obtained permission to print them. The Christian feeling and sentiments which they breathe, can scarcely fail to find acceptance with our readers."

Magazine of Popular Information, Nov. 1844.

Who kneels in yonder cell alone,
With pallid cheek and sunken eye?
A humble suppliant at the throne
Of an all-righteous Judge on high.

It is the Convict doom'd to death,
By erring man's unhallow'd sway;
Who thus arrests the fleeting breath,
And heaven's great charter rends away.

Not such the laws the Saviour gave,
Mercy through all his precepts ran;
He came the lost to seek and save,
Not to destroy the life of man.

Shall sinful men their right affirm,
To take the life they cannot give;

And thus destroy a brother worm,
When heavenly mercy bids him live?

Can those who hold Religion dear,
And to the christain fold belong,
See life abridg'd without a fear
That human judgment may be wrong?

When the poor Victim's course is run,
If time his innocence reveal,*
Justice can never more be done,
For death hath set the fatal seal.

WAR.—It were vain to attempt, within the short limits of this little tract, an enumeration of a tithe of the sources of cruelty. In which, however, as War stands pre-eminent, it may be enough to furnish the opinion of a Bishop, as follows:—

"When the spirit of Christianity shall exert its proper influence over the minds of individuals, and especially over the minds of public men in their public capacities, war will cease throughout the Christian world."

* "I myself," says Mr. O'Connell, in a speech at Exeter Hall, June, 1832, "defended three brothers of the name of Cremming, within the last ten years. They were indicted for murder. I sat at my window as they passed by, after sentence had been pronounced; there was a large military guard taking them back to jail, positively forbidden to allow any communication with the three unfortunate youths. But their mother was there, and she, armed in the strength of her affection, broke through the guard. I saw her clasp her eldest son, who was but twenty-two years of age; I saw her hang on her second, who was not twenty; I saw her faint when she clung to the neck of her youngest son, who was but eighteen; and I ask what recompence could be made for such agony? They were executed—and they were innocent!"—*From a work entitled, "Illustrations of the Law of Kindness."*





